

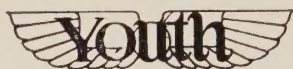
Youth

SEPTEMBER,
1928

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a copy



By DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS:
"A Message to Young Men"



A magazine devoted to encouraging Youth to express itself.

ERNEST C. WILSON, *Editor*

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"With my thanks for your kind letter."

—Douglas Fairbanks

A Message to Young Men

By Douglas Fairbanks

I HAVE no message in the ordinary sense—no doctrine, no magic formula that will light the way to happiness, success, and prosperity. There are enough people delivering such messages.

But there is something I want to say to the young men of this country. And, incidentally, may I suggest to you older people that you won't feel nearly so old

if you stop figuring your age by the calendar? It's not the mere passage of time that makes us grow old. It's settling down in the rut of fixed habits and set ideas and saying to ourselves, "We are now such and such an age and we must act with appropriate stiffness and restraint." It's not hardening of the arteries that makes us old. It's hardening of the ideas.

I want to talk particularly to that group—and I know it's a large one—that is interested in the Junior Olympic competitions now going on the country over, the winners of which get a trip to Holland to see the Olympic games. These Junior Olympics will also develop material for the American team for the major Olympics of 1932, to be held in Los Angeles.

What applies to athletics applies to everything. The method of attack is exactly the same whether it is competition in athletics, competition in scholarship, in business and art, or competition with yourself in overcoming the obstacles of life.

The fellow writing a poem is up against the same problem as the fellow doing a high jump. The important thing is to get over the top.

You may say that you can't expect to be as good as So-and-so because you're handicapped in some way or other—weak lungs—poor endurance—you can't be a Nurmi because you haven't the right stride. Well, I'll bet you there never was a champion at anything who didn't feel at some time or other that he had some unconquerable handicap.

Don't tell me that strong legs and a good heart and lungs make a great runner. There is something else. You might say that because Paddock was handicapped with fat or the Norwegian Hoff lacked certain bone structure and muscle development, they hadn't the material to make them champions.

The thing that puts them over the top, gives them the added half inch or the fraction of a second less, is the thing I want to talk about now. The all-important thing—whether it's the poem or the high jump—is spirit. And in nine cases out of ten this spirit has been born in the fight against bitter odds, in some one's trying so hard to overcome a fault that he turns weakness into strength and snatches victory from defeat.

The man with the weak biceps is likely, in his effort to correct them, to acquire much stronger ones than the average.

There is no courage quite so terrific as the courage of the timid man who has conquered his timidity. The world is full of strong, vigorous men who began life as weaklings, of orators who once were tongue-tied, of business giants who once had trouble with the multiplication table.

Beethoven was deaf when he wrote some of his best music. There was spirit! Lindbergh does not seem to have any unusual capacities. I am sure there are a great many people who can sit up nights better than he can. It looks to me as if he were too tall to be comfortable in an airplane, anyway. How has nature favored him? It hasn't. But he has spirit.

Thank Heaven for your handicaps, for they are benefits in disguise. In struggling to overcome them you develop a strength you couldn't possibly get in any other way, a strength that will enable you to take future barriers with a laugh.

Take adversity as a bitter but healthful tonic which when once gulped down puts new blood and strength into you.

The worst thing that happens to you may be the best thing that happens to you, if you don't let it get the best of you. Sounds complicated, but it isn't. Think it over. Say it over. Say it over after me. Are you ready? Come on, fellows: *The worst thing that happens to you . . . may be the best thing that happens to you . . . if you don't let it get the best of you!* That's fine!

I don't pretend to be a second Coué, but if you will say this over the next time you face a bad situation, with the odds apparently all against you, you may see things in a different light. Beneath the severe handicap may lie victory. Under the frowning mask of failure, success may be smiling at you.

This is the spirit that will bring victory in Amsterdam this year or in Los Angeles in 1932. You young Americans have a heritage of spirit—one that has been bred in you by generations of pioneers. Now use it. An older America is looking at you with pride and confidence.

If you desire to win arguments, without arguing, read
 "Let's Talk it Over," in October *Youth*.

Romance by way
of a detour

Collegiate Festival

By Gladys Hasty Carroll

"WHAT'S Jill going to wear?"
"Haven't an idea. That's right, what will she? I say, Jill!"

"Yoo-hoo! Jill! What are *you* wearing tonight?"

It was that most companionable time in a college dormitory, the hour just after lunch, when one half of the day is fairly finished and the other not yet begun. Jill Delaney's room was overrun with girls. Girls stretched on her couch, perched on her chairs and tables, huddled about the floor on her cushions. And all talking at once, about clothes and boys and menus and place cards and music and flowers, for tonight was Collegiate Festival.



Only Jill herself was quiet, but nobody made the mistake of thinking that her silence meant that she was not interested in Collegiate Festival. In the first place, it was inconceivable that anybody could be seventeen and a freshman at Harmon without feeling that Collegiate Festival was almost the most important thing in the whole college course, second only to Fall Week-end itself. And in the second place, Jill Delaney was simply brimming with enthusiasm about even the least thing that had to do with college, which was the reason, of course, why girls overran her room instead of some other room. Oh, yes, Jill was interested, but she was writing a letter home. And Jill's letters home——! She

looked up now, between the two red-brown curls that were never in place, and laughed a little, shrugging her shoulders.

"Wear, you say? *Stupids!* What *would* I wear, I ask you? My blue organdy, of course. Like all rich little poor girls in the storybooks, I shall 'press it neatly, brighten it with a fresh ribbon'—and be the belle of the ball in spite of you and your Parisian gowns!"

She slid off her high stool to sweep them a little bow that had in it so much Jill that it made them laugh and so much quick grace that they almost believed she could do what she said. Then she was back at her desk again, her pen racing blackly over the paper, too busy to do more than notice that some one was going out, until she had scrawled her "Jilly" at the bottom of the sheet. Then she looked up to find herself alone.

"Dear Mummie," she said, aloud, joyously. "Aren't you going to be pleased about my Greek and the hockey tryouts and my being house secretary? And oh, Maida, what will *you* say when you know I'm going to a real dinner? A sort of capital D dinner with the everythings that dinners have. Didn't I tell you I wouldn't miss a thing? Didn't I? Didn't I? Didn't I promise that I could come and earn every cent except board and tuition, and still not miss *college*? And I haven't, and I won't. Oh, I know three weeks isn't much to go by, but it's *something*. I've taken every bit of work the employment office has given me, and not missed a thing so far. I just know I won't be *let* to lose any part of college when I want every bit so, and you're both so good to let me try it, even when you don't feel so sure as I do. You dear, dear family! I'm so happy and I'm having such a gloriously wonderful time!"

It was quite true. The truth of it was in the eagerness of Jill's slim fingers on the seal, in her step as she ran downstairs to the mail box, and in the abandon with which she caught Celeste Lombard into the curve of her arm when she came back and found her, a chic little figure in scarlet wool, leaning on the window seat.

"Celeste, isn't it *too* exciting, Collegiate Festival?"

They curled up among the pillows and talked about it.

FOR THREE weeks now the Harmon freshmen had been campus novitiates. For three weeks they had watched from afar the gay social life of the upper classes, while they were obliged to give their undivided attention to the bewildering details of registration, course selection, assignments, dormitory organization, and—last but very far indeed from least!—initiation. Now, suddenly, it was all over. They were an integral part of Harmon, ready for its privileges as well as its duties. And the coming out party was traditionally called Collegiate Festival, exclusively a freshman affair. Freshman men from North Campus, freshman girls from South Campus, they all came together for reception and dinner in Wing Hall. Such a reception, with everybody meeting everybody else under the glamour of rose colored lights and flower fragrance and music that

made one want to talk and laugh! And such a dinner beyond the folding doors, with everything delicious that freshmen tables long for but do not have, and with new place cards for each of the five courses, which meant that every girl met and talked with at least ten boys, which was, admittedly, the most interesting and important part of Collegiate Festival. No, not quite the most, after all. The most important was the Hope. The Hope that every Harmon freshman girl fastened with herself inside her very loveliest frock when she dressed for dinner, but which every other girl saw as plainly as if she had pinned it on her shoulder: the hope that one of those ten boys would invite her to Fall Week-end. Fall Week-end came, always, two weeks after Collegiate Festival, and was the occasion of the Harmon men's opening the Outing club cabins for the year. It was a huge house party over Friday and Saturday, with every Harmon man privileged to invite a girl. That included Freshmen, you see. Freshman men and Freshman girls. It was very exciting.

"Oh, some one will surely ask you, Celeste. I know it perfectly well, for you look like an elf in that yellow chiffon."

Celeste knew it very well.

"But what are *you* going to wear, Jill, dear, really? Not *organdy*?"

Jill looked at her with amused eyes.

"Blue's becoming to me, isn't it?"

"Blue, yes. But not *organdy* for Collegiate Festival? Listen, Jill, would you wear my velvet?"

Jill had not foolish pride, nor did she think it wrong to borrow what those who loved her were eager to lend. She caught both Celeste's hands and pulled her up from the window seat, her face alight and her two red-brown curls bobbing.

"*Would* I? Try me! Oh, Celeste, it's too sweet of you. Do you honestly want me to? That gorgeous thing? Celeste, I'm *too* happy. Celeste, will it *fit*? You're taller!"

BUT evening clothes are longer this season, and Celeste's last winter's velvet was perfect for Jill. It was Jill's color, too, and Jill's sort of snug little empire waist, and Jill's rustle of young dignity. If Celeste was to be an elf in her yellow chiffon, Jill would be a girl goddess in Celeste's willow green velvet.



"I know. You see, I did the same thing."

And Celeste knew that, too, and was glad, for she liked Jill so much that she wanted to room with her next year.

"There, now!" she said, "I expect we'll both get to Fall Week-end. And what would I care about it without you?"

Just then a telephone call came for Jill, and she went down to answer it. Girls from the doors that she ran by called, "Jill! Is it you?" and "Jill, for tonight?" and "Jill, it's positively doggy!" Jill waved her hand at them, tossing her head grandly, and was breathless when she slipped into the booth. "Hello."

It was the employment office calling Jane Delaney. There would be kitchen work at Wing hall tonight. Collegiate

Festival. Glasses and silver. To be there at four. Pay's two-fifty. Take it?

The employment office waited a minute for its answer, and then rattled the receiver holder. "Take it?"

Jill said, "Yes. Yes, I will take it."

And she stood there in the darkness of the booth, very quietly, for ten or fifteen minutes. When at last she came out and went upstairs, the second floor was quite deserted, so that she knew the two-thirty bell had rung and the freshmen girls were in various divisions of physiology class.

"Then I've taken my first cut," Jill said aloud. Her voice sounded rather queer, but her lips were smiling. "It's awfully exciting."

She went down the hall, past Meg's

silver metal cloth and Polly's dim blue satin and Elizabeth's white taffeta, all laid out on couches, to Celeste's yellow chiffon fluttering at the crack of a closet door. She took off the water green velvet, put it tenderly on a hanger, slid the white case over it, shut the door close without looking back, and caught up her old brown ratine from a chair.

"Come on, dear shabby," she said, cheerily. "Let's get ready to do glass and silver. We're going to Collegiate Festival anyhow, even if we do have to look at it through the windows in the serving room doors. And we'll do that silver and glass the most collegiate way it's ever been done. *We missing anything? No-o-o! We downhearted? No-o-o-o! Git up!*"

Ten minutes later she was whistling while she tested the iron heat against her cheek and pressed one of the gay little print aprons that she kept ready in case of employment office calls. Two dollars and a half would buy two French translation books or pay her class dues for a year! Two dollars and a half! Ooooh! And when the second floor girls came in from physiology class at quarter of four, Jill was nowhere to be found. Only a little note for Celeste.

"Celeste, dear:

Thanks awfully for offering me the dress, but I thought I wouldn't wear it. It'd be a shame, don't you think, to mess it all up with dish-water and soapsuds? You see, that was employment office calling, and I'm to cater for you tonight. If the silver is speckled or your glass doesn't shine, I *beg* you don't speak to the waitress, for I don't want to overearn my two-fifty. Think of it, Celeste—two-fifty! I'll take you to George's tomorrow—what'll you have? Look lovely tonight, for I'll be watching through the window. Sorry I can't be there to pin you up. Polly, too, and everybody. I love pinning up. And, Celeste, if you don't get asked to Fall Week-end, I—I don't know what I'll do to you. Can't you see I've just got to *hear* about it, at least? Go get him, Celie, that's a good girl.

"Lots of my best,

"Jill."

"Beastly," said Celeste.

"She never looked so darling—and I got only a glimpse." That was Elizabeth, mournful.

"Oh, for goodness' sake, what possessed her to take it on? She'll have all the other nights in the year to wash dishes." Polly had no patience with anything that stirred her tart little sympathy.

"But there aren't always dishes to be done," Meg reminded them gently. "And two dollars and a half is quite a lot of money. It seems a good bit to me, even if I don't need it as much as Jill does."

"Well, I must say it's beyond me why church mice are forever struggling to get through college," Erma Macumber said, and went into her tapestry and Maxfield Parrish hung room with a whish of her Russian boots.

"Well, I must say it's beyond me what would become of colleges if they didn't have a few church mouse Jills to offset some other people they have to take in," snapped Celeste, distinctly.

THEN she went into her room to take out her yellow chiffon, hoping it would revive her interest in the festival. Meg and Polly and Elizabeth turned to look at their frocks too. And because all the frocks were very pretty indeed, and the clock said half-past four, it was not long before they had forgotten most of their sadness and all of their annoyance, and were running in and out, shouting back and forth, laughing eagerly.

"What if," sang Meg, appearing at Celeste's door with a small dab of cold cream on either cheek, and a particularly large dab on her particularly small nose, "one should be asked not only to Fall Week-end, but also *by* somebody that is somebody? Say that red-headed Clemmey who is supposed to make track? Or that long, lean Bartlett the boys elected class council president?"

"What if," returned Celeste, "one should get the moon on a string?" And she threw a red pillow that appropriated Meg's nose dab to itself.

Meantime Jill, in the serving room of Wing hall, had tied on the fresh print apron, rolled her sleeves high, and pinned back the two red-brown curls, and taken her place before the first copper-lined tub. It was a near, bright, clean workroom and she felt something

in herself thrill to the latent energy of it: the great electric dishwasher in the center, with its shining metal trays stacked readily; the high, wide cupboard-boards full of all sorts of dishes; the scrubbed pine table before the dumb waiter; the long row of other copper-lined tubs like her own. And now, by every door, were people coming in, people in big aprons like her own, with sleeves rolled up and lips set for work. There were three girls older than Jill, juniors whom she had seen waiting on tables in the girls' dining hall. A woman in starched white with a great tray of grapefruit. A man in white apron and cap taking up a stand by the dumb waiter. Another man bringing another great tray, this one of silver that must be polished—and Jill's work had begun. She laughed into the steaming water that rushed from the pipe and the rasping noise of the cloth that she tore into strips. Jill loved a challenge.

THE THREE junior girls glanced over at her and then met one another's eyes.

"It's a frosh," one of them said. "Poor youngster! She's missing her Collegiate. Say, if I ever get my million, maybe I don't know what I'll do with a good bit of it."

"I know," said another, "Spirit, hasn't she? Well, she'll need it."

Then their trays of silver came, too, and they looked up interestedly at the man who brought them. A minute afterward he had disappeared behind the washing machine, and their faucets were steaming busily.

At half-past seven the last shining glass and spoon had been borne away into the dining room, the row of copper-lined tubs stood polished and ready for the onslaught of silver that would come out after the first course, and endless crisp towels hung waiting overhead. The woman in the white dress came bringing cups of coffee on her great tray.

"Here, gyurls, ye'd better drink a sup while ye got a breathin' spell. There won't be a bite to eat 'til after t'e fift' course, ye know, and little enough of t'at."

"Thank you so much. It's just the thing," Jill said, smiling tiredly.

It had been a hard three hours and the spoon tinkled against the edge of her

cup when she tried to stir in her sugar. She made a little grimace at it, and went over to stand by the door with the glass window. There on the other side was Collegiate Festival. At least the background for it. The orchestra tuning behind its palms. The many dark tables with their lace doilies, their flower centerpiece, their giddy little place cards, their silver and glass that Jill had helped to make beautiful. And over everything that indescribable air of ecstasy. The doors would open any minute now. Jill looked at it over her coffee cup.

"All set for the party, aren't they?"

Jill glanced up, and recognized the man who had brought the silver, and who had gone back behind the dishwashing machine when the junior girls had smiled at him. He stood at the opposite corner of the window, his shoulder hunched against the wall, his fingers busy with his cup and saucer and spoon and four lumps of sugar. She felt too tired to talk, but if he was lonely and shy, she supposed she could. Poor fellow, how he must hate working in a kitchen for a living!

"Yes. I expect it will be all kinds of fun. Collegiate Festivals are supposed to be gorgeous—next best to Fall Weekend."

"What do you mean—supposed to be? Don't you like them yourself?"

Jill laughed and drained her cup. It was good coffee, and had rested her.

"Oh, I should, I know, but, you see, I've never been. I'm a freshman here at Harmon."

He put down his spoon and looked around at her. She saw that he wasn't so very old, and his eyes were gray and keen. He should have gone to college, and amounted to something in the world.

"A freshman! And you're doing dishes on Collegiate Festival night? Well, I'll say—and a girl at that! Pretty bad, isn't it? I know. You see, I did the same thing."

"You?" Jill, who had tilted her face at the window, for the doors had opened, and girls had begun to dot the room, turned sharply and stared at him. "Did you come here—to Harmon?"

He laughed down at her, as if she were very amusing indeed.

"Did? Do I seem that ancient? Yes, I did, and do, and shall—until I land a sheepskin, preferably this June. I was

a freshman four years ago, and it was four years ago tonight they gave me the hang of this machine here. I thought it was a bit stiff then, but I've been glad of it since. It's paid for a number of things."

"Oh, you poor boy!" Jill said, impulsively. It helped to sympathize with some one else. "And did you miss that Fall Week-end, too, or did you have a girl from home?"

"I've never had a girl from anywhere," he told her, "and I've missed all the Fall Week-ends—for that reason."

It seemed sad to Jill. He looked so slight standing there in the dimness, and his eyes were so inscrutably gray, and he was so shy, as she could tell from the queer note in his voice and the way he had vanished when those junior girls had smiled at him. She felt sorrier for him than for herself, for at least she had ever so many Fall Week-ends ahead of her, and was sturdy and pretty, and had lots of friends.

"I'm so sorry——" she told him.

BEFORE she had time to finish, the first waitresses came swinging out with dishes and silver, and she had to whirl to her copper-lined tub. She noticed the junior girls looking at her with amusement, and hid behind the hissing column of steam. Perhaps they did think it funny of her to bother with that queer, dark boy, but he was nice, and there was no reason why one shouldn't be kind to him. It was hard enough working your way through college, even if people were friendly and sympathetic. More silver came. And more dishes. She heard the rush and roar of the electric machine behind her.

After the serving of the fifth course, as she had promised, the woman in the white dress came with food: plates of mashed potato and peas and mushrooms, and punch glasses with melting ice cream.

"Tis yer college feast, gyurls," she said.

Jill and the junior girls ate hungrily, leaning against their tubs. The coffee spoons would be coming out soon, and they must be ready. Jill was more tired now, she thought, than she had ever been before in her life, but it was a rather pleasant, exhausted, sleepy tiredness, with the two dollars and a half already

hard under her handkerchief in her pocket, so she smiled a little at the gray-eyed young fellow when she took her plate across to his tray. He leaned across to her, hurriedly.

"Listen! Will you go to Fall Week-end with me?"

She had not even thought of that. She caught her breath and stared at him.

"But I don't even know what your name is."

"It's Morrison."

"Oh. Mine's Jane Delaney. But you can't afford it."

"I can, too."

They laughed a little. And then Jill straightened. Why shouldn't she? He was a Harmon man, and she knew him as well as any of the girls inside there knew the boys they were sitting next to. Better. And it would give him one good time before he graduated.

"All right, I will. Here come the coffees!"

And back in the steam again, the coffee spoons splashing and tinkling in the copper-lined tub, Jill heard a little song begin in her mind.

"Fall Week-end! Fall Week-end! And I'll be there. I'm not missing college. It's just as I said. Collegiate Festival! What's Collegiate Festival, except to get the bid to Fall Week-end? And I have mine. Jill Delaney's going to be there—and make that poor, dear senior boy happy, too. Oh, but I'll give him the best time!"

In a little lull that came a minute afterward, one of the junior girls brushed against Jill.

"Say, youngster, Jack Morrison *didn't* ask you to Fall Week-end, did he?"

Jill flung up her head, her chin out, her two red-brown curls bobbing vigorously.

"He did so," she said, "and I'm going, too. I'm just ever and ever so much pleased about it."

The junior girl's eyes were very wide. "I should think you would be. You're certainly the luckiest freshman in Wing Hall tonight. Do you know that Jack Morrison has never asked a girl to *anything* before since he's been here, for all he's the most prominent man in the senior class?"

"No," Jill told her, in a giddy sort of daze, "but Celeste will let me wear her velvet dress."

"My Country, 'Tis of Thee—"

By George N. Madison

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Synopsis of Part I: Eric Hanson enters Exter Academy as a freshman. His roommate, George Strating, proves to be a caustic jester. Eric's ancestry is an enticing target for George's talent. A poem appears in the Exter, ridiculing Eric's Danish appearance. He is relieved to learn that Viola Newton is the new literary editor. Viola's first "scoop" becomes the talk of the campus: Exter academy is to be pitted against Exter high, the town against the college, in a contest for the best essay on "My Country, 'Tis of Thee—"

Part II

HE WAS still writing when Eric went to bed—still at it the next morning, Eric thought, when he rubbed sleepy eyes and looked across at the figure propped up on one elbow at the study table. A gentle bubbling sound told him a different story. George had fallen asleep in the middle of a sentence.

"Cancel all your dates for tonight," he urged when Eric finally aroused him. "I want to read it to you. It's red-hot stuff, and all done but the grand finale, the roll of drums, the waving of the flag! Boy!"

"I'll cancel every date but one, and be home early from that," promised Eric.

"If I see Viola through the day, you won't even have to cancel that. I wonder," mused George thoughtfully, "if she's going to contest."

"Why? Afraid of her?"

"No—only, if she weren't——"

"Out with it if it chokes you!"

"Well, half those judges are going to be women——"

"I don't know whether you should have Viola hear it or not. She's mighty outspoken. If she didn't like it she'd quick enough tell you so, and why—and how! You're pretty thin-skinned, you know, when it comes to criticism."

"I'll put on gloves and a mask. Ask her, will you, like a good fellow?"

"As Longfellow should have said, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, George?' However, if you'll drift around with me about eight bells I think maybe the two of us can talk her into it."

That evening Viola protested a good deal, but it was plain to see that she was a bit flattered, too. "All right," she

finally agreed, "if Mother will listen, too. I'm not used to being orated to all alone. And speakers always get so loud when they begin to wave the flag and parade our glorious history, with a few well-chosen bursts of poetry from the back of the fourth reader."

"You're not throwing any bricks at me," objected George. "This came out of my head——"

"While you were asleep, Eric told me."

"While he was."

"I thought this was an oration, not a debate," remarked Viola's mother, Mrs. Newton, demurely. "When do we start?"

"As soon as you all sit down," grinned George. "I want lots of room."

"I'll open the window," suggested Viola, "so you can have all outdoors, too. Proceed, Demosthenes, or aren't you the fellow who stuffs his mouth full of pebbles?"

"And throws them one by one at his departing audience," added Eric. "You can see the whites of our eyes—shoot!"

GEORGE shot: musketry, machine guns, shrapnel, and heavy artillery! Sometimes he read; more often he laid down his paper and spoke from memory. He rose to a climax, then buried that climax under a greater one; he appealed to history; he rose to prophecy; he thrilled with the zeal of a crusader; he rendered a tribute to our national heroes and dropped a tear and the flag on the tomb of each. He who talked was not the sarcastic, clever George—he was a modern Warren who gloried in our country's victory at a new Bunker Hill.

The three listeners made din enough

for a larger audience as he finished.

"Great!" exclaimed Eric.

"I just love it," echoed Viola. "Read that last paragraph again."

"Sorry, but it can't be 'did.' It isn't written yet. I just added that on the spur of the moment. I kind of liked it myself," he grinned. "Think it rings the bell, eh?"

"It sure rings the Liberty bell," chaffed Eric. "If you'd just fired off a firecracker I'd have thought it was the Fourth of July!"

"Don't mind him," exclaimed Viola. "He's just plain jealous."

"He thinks I ought to put in a few cheers for the roundheads beyond the railroad tracks!"

"I still do," affirmed Eric. "It wouldn't make as peppy oratory, maybe, but it'd make a better essay."

"What would, Eric?" inquired Mrs. Newton.

George answered for him. "Singing 'My Country 'Tis of the Immigrants!'"

"Well," exclaimed Eric, almost sullenly, "isn't it? Those forefathers you brag about so hard, with the accent on 'my,' were either immigrants or Indians. It has taken more than a revolution to make America."

"Oh, sure," answered George carelessly. "But there's just about as much inspiration and patriotism in *that* as there is in a hunk of cheese. Excuse me, Mrs. Newton, but Eric gets me going with his eternal howl about what he calls the *new American*."

"Well," persisted Eric, "he's here, and he belongs here, and believe me—and you may find it out—he belongs in your oration."

"Why don't *you* put him there, Eric?" suggested Mrs. Newton; "he's your hero."

"I'd like to see Eric up there in front of all that crowd!" jeered George.

"Wouldn't you, though!" Viola gave Eric a teasing look, a puzzling look, and there was just a little challenge in her voice as she added, "I'd almost write a new poem about him—'The Yellow That Turned to Gold,' or something like that."



He was reading to

"I'll say!" hooted George. "And here's a good story to start it off with. Casey said the Irish made the best Americans because, he asked, didn't our national song start out about them: 'Mike country'?"

"I'll try to remember that one," retorted Eric, dryly. "I think one of the

judges is Irish. Just jot down any other little thoughts that occur to you."

"You're going in?" Viola asked it eagerly.

GEORGE gave a loud laugh, but Eric was serious: "Why not? It's a free country—thanks to George's ancestors,

they reached their room, thanks to a lively scuffle on the way, they were good friends once more. Several times during the following days George asked Eric when he was going to start writing "the masterpiece of the ages," to which Eric finally replied with a laugh, "I'm letting all my thoughts get ripe before I start to pick them."

"Don't wait too long, boy, or you'll find some of them rotten while the rest are still green. You haven't much time left, you know."

"Well, you won't catch me losing any sleep over it. I can still see you sitting there, trying to prop your eyes open with one hand and write with the other." Eric chuckled, partly at the recollection, but mostly because at that instant George had only to push back the table cover to reveal Eric's own composition, written at odd moments, a thought at a time. It was all but finished, and even Viola, who had read it page by page as he ground it out, pronounced it good. "I'll type it for you," she had promised, "because the judges might take off about ten points for your penmanship."

"Do you like it as well as George's?"

"Well-l-l," and she frowned, "I'll be honest with you, Eric. It's like asking whether I like bread better, or cake. George sure is there with the frosting."

"All I've got is crust, I suppose," conjectured Eric glumly. "Suppose

the judges are strong for pastry, what chance have I got?"

"Well, you have the chance that the judges will be fed up on cake before they get to your baking. Is this the last of it?"

He nodded. "And I've gone over it so many times that I know all the mistakes



an appreciative audience.

who, as the backwoodsman said, 'fit' and bled till the oppressors had fits and fled. There's one you can have, George—it belongs in with your eagle-screaming. Good night, folks—I—I think I'll hike home and start my emigration to the U. S. A."

George went with him. By the time

by heart, and it sure does sound fierce to me. I just finished making this clean copy."

"Well, forget it for a few days while I run off two copies on the machine, one for you and one for the judges. When you see it again it'll clink like new gold."

WHEN Eric made his way back to his room he realized a long way off that George was entertaining company, and that "said" company was being well and boisterously entertained. He was all ready to burst in at the door with a shout of, "Beat it! The house is pinched!" when an odd quality of the laughter struck him; it sounded as if some one were being laughed at. He paused abruptly and listened. Above the cackle of shrill fun he heard the booming voice of George, but George was not laughing. His voice sounded more as if he was reciting. Probably making one of his famous funny speeches, thought Eric. He put an ear against the door; at first he heard only a hum, and then a succession of shouted words, words that were all too familiar.

His speech! George had found its hiding place; he was reading it to an appreciative audience, now in his best chest-thumping eloquence, then suddenly swinging into a whining, singsong imitation of Swedish dialect. It sounded ridiculous, but the humor of it did not appeal to Eric. Cold fury shot through him as he flung the door open and stalked across the room to where George posed on the wide window seat.

"Give me that!" he demanded grimly.

George tried to brave it out with a grin, but Eric's set face did not encourage humor. He reached up and jerked the pages from George's hand. In one swift movement he bunched them together, then tore them across.

He walked stiffly over to the wastebasket and gave a fling.

"And that will be all of that!"

SEVERAL times during the following days George tried to apologize and explain that it was all a joke, but Eric cut him short.

"But it was good, really," George insisted. "Look! I saved the pieces. You could stick them together and make a copy."

"There's no use trying to talk pretty and coax me out of it; I'm good and sore at you for making the fellows laugh, and sore at them for laughing, but I'm sorest of all at myself for writing something that could be laughed at."

"But really, Eric——"

"You've had your laugh, wise boy; I'll have mine when some 'roundhead' from across the tracks takes first prize from you by telling just what I tried to tell!"

"Oh, indeed," sneered George. "Well, if his speech is twice as good as the one I read to you it'll be just half as good as the one I'm turning in to the judges tomorrow night. Laugh that off!"

"I'll leave that for the judges!" Eric's voice was as sneering as George's had been.

As the days went by, however, the unfriendliness gradually wore off. It was hard for Eric to hold a grudge, and George needed some one to admire his clever tongue. And then, all in an instant, the trouble flamed afresh.

IT WAS the twentieth of December, the last day before the beginning of the Christmas holidays. Eric, having no last hour class, had rushed home to finish packing his suit case so as to be ready to catch the six o'clock train. He was just throwing in the last pair of socks when the door burst open and in rushed George, a fierce scowl on his face.

"You low-down crook!" he shouted. "You dirty double-crosser! You can hunt yourself a new roommate when you come back! I'm through!" He stalked over and caught up his suit case, already packed, and flung himself back to the door, turning at Eric's dumbfounded gasp: "What's the mat——"

"Matter? Don't make yourself sick trying to look innocent!" he stormed. "For two cents I'd bust this suit case over your head!" And he slammed the door and scurried down the stairs before Eric could make a move.

(To be concluded)

*Tenth Men find Truth
helpful at school*

The Tenth Man

WHEN Jesus healed the ten lepers, only one returned to give thanks. Will you be the tenth man of today? Have you found that Truth helps you at school, in your athletics, socially, or in regard to health or prosperity? Give thanks by sharing your experience with other young people. Address your letter to Editor of Youth Magazine. Please sign your letter; we shall not print your name unless you request it.

THIS month we are presenting letters from some Tenth Men who have found Truth helpful in their school work.

We shall hear first from P. McD. who writes from the British West Indies:

"My dear Editor:

"I have to write you of my success in passing my Cambridge examination. A passing grade in arithmetic and grammar, my two weakest subjects, is required for a certificate. Examinations usually filled me with dread and uneasiness. I wrote you months before I took them and studied hard and prayed. I promised God that before I started each subject I would say The Prayer of Faith. When the examiner handed me the arithmetic test I felt my hands trembling, but I said The Prayer of Faith three or four times and set to work. There were eleven sums and I did ten of them correctly. The geography paper was stiffer than the arithmetic, but God helped me with it.

"Yesterday the results came and I was more successful than I had been in all my nine years at school.—*P. McD.*"

If you have had difficulty with your algebra problems, the experience of this young man may help you:

"About three months ago while taking an 'exam' in Algebra I hit a snag in one of the problems. I had already proved inadequate to a previous problem, which made it all the more necessary to solve this one. After pondering nervously over it for some ten minutes, I fervently prayed, asking the omniscient mind to bring out what had sunk so deep into some hidden recess of my consciousness. The problem was solved correctly in less

than five minutes. I was both surprised and overjoyed at the result. The very same thing happened in a more recent 'exam.' Ever since I have tried to be as much like God meant me to be as possible. I try to be youthful (even when a chap is eighteen he can look old), helpful, and kind under all circumstances—although I make a few slips now and then.—*T. L. C.*"

The Society of Silent Unity is glad to help young people to solve their problems through right thinking and prayer. If you feel the need of such help write to The Society of Silent Unity, 917 Tracy, Kansas City, Mo. The following letter indicates how helpful their coöperation may be:

"I think I should tell you of the benefit I received from your prayers. When I wrote to you, I was having trouble with my geometry. One day my teacher told the class that we would be divided into a slow class and a fast class. I had failed in every test and I went home with a heavy heart. I told my mother that I knew that I would have to go into the slow class and she told me to write to you. I did. The next morning I did not feel very well and stayed home from school. I went to school the following day and took my excuse to my teacher to be signed. She started to sign it and then she said, 'Mary, I have changed you. Go to room No. 55.' That was the fast class! I was so happy. I wanted to run down the hall. I got along just fine with my new teacher and she seemed to take a special interest in me. On the finals, I had the second highest grade; and I know your prayers helped me to get it. I thank God's expression through you.—*M. S.*"

Grin Stretchers

Well-defined? Well—

Professor—"Can you give the definition of watt?"

Student—"A watt is an inquisitive pronoun."—*Penn Punch Bowl*.

The teacher was giving her class of embryo typists a lesson in grammar. The lesson proceeded smoothly enough until she asked Jimmie what kind of a noun "trousers" was.

"It is an uncommon noun," was the reply, "because it's singular at the top and plural at the bottom."—*Selected*.

New Educational Movements

Jeffrey—"So your son has been injured and is coming home from college?"

Briggs—"Yes, he sprained his ukulele finger."—*The American Boy Magazine*.

"Who is the cleverest boy in your class?"

"Jens Kristain—he can waggle his ears."—*Vikingen (Oslo)*.

The Immortal Bard

Alice—"How do you like the Shakespeare Club?"

Virginia—"Wonderful! Why, I made three grand slams at the last meeting!"—*Judge*.

"Do you know Shakespeare well?"

"G'wan, you can't kid me; Shakespeare is dead."—*T. P. A. (Travelers) Magazine*.

Starting at Par

"There must be some mistake in the marking of the examinations," complained the student. "I do not think I deserve an absolute zero."

"Neither do I," agreed the professor, "but it is the lowest mark I'm allowed to give."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Sounds Right to Us

"Give me a sentence with the word analysis."

"Mary is my girl analysis her sister."—*Old Maid*.

Teacher—"Robert, give me a sentence using the word 'satiare.'"

Bobby—"I took Mamie Jones to a picnic last summer and I'll satiate quite a lot."—*Exchange*.

Galloping Grief

Teams rolled down the father's face and he sobbed convulsively.—*Portland (Me.) paper*.

Hot Dog

Lost—Full-grown dark gray police dog named "Ted." Reward if returned to — Food & Relish Co.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Hitch Hikers

The pleasant sociability of the veranda café, gazing with wonder at the swift flying fish and the graceful dolphins sporting in the sunlit waters of the balmy Gulf Stream, or lazily reclining in the comfortable deck chairs.—*Winter cruise folder*.

Pie Face

His face was a pastry ashen color.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

The Tired Business Man

"Does your man work, Mrs. Waggs?"

"Oh, yes; he peddles balloons whenever there's a parade in town. What does your husband do?"

"He sells smoked glasses during eclipses of the sun."—*Life*.

Thought Stretchers

Be Yourself

THERE is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried.

—Emerson.

The Prayer of Faith

GOD is my help in every need;
God does my every hunger feed;
God walks beside me, guides my way
Through every moment of the day.

I now am wise, I now am true,
Patient, kind, and loving, too.
All things I am, can do, and be,
Through Christ, the Truth that is in me.

God is my health, I can't be sick;
God is my strength, unfailing, quick;
God is my all; I know no fear,
Since God and love and Truth are here.

—Hannah More Kohaus.

Preparedness

FOR all your days prepare,
And meet them ever alike:

When you are the anvil, bear—
When you are the hammer, strike.

—Edwin Markham.

The World Over

IN VAIN we call old notions fudge,
And bend our conscience to our dealing;

The Ten Commandments will not budge,
And stealing will continue stealing.

—Lowell.

The Best

The Best Mathematics—Multiplying
the joys and dividing the sorrow of
others.—Selected.

The Invisible Kingdom

WITHIN my mind lies a kingdom,
rich or poor according to my building.
With a realization of my responsibility
I guard the entrance to this kingdom,
that no thoughts of poverty, disease,
hatred, jealousy, or fear, shall pass
its portals. I lay its foundations in faith
and wisdom; I erect its buildings in love,
and I keep its atmosphere in purity and
peace. This invisible kingdom, not built
with hands, eternal in the heavens of
my mind, pushes through me to the
outer, creating for me a world of harmony,
health, peace, and abundance.

—Frances W. Foulks; *Unity*.

Honored

No person was ever honored for what
he received. Honor has been the reward
for what he gave.—Calvin Coolidge.

"What You Give—"

THE world is a great mirror which
truly reflects the thoughts, acts, and
ambitions of every individual.

Let no one cloud his vision, poison his
mind, and dwarf his soul with the false
imagination that the world is not giving
him a square deal.

The only way to avoid getting a square
deal from the world is by not giving the
world a square deal yourself.—Selected.

Courtesy

It transmutes aliens into trusting
friends,
And gives its owner passport round the
globe.

—James Thomas Fields; *Youth's Companion*.

Burden-Bearing

Of all the crowns that ever were awarded,
The crown of simple patience is the best.
—William Winter; *Youth's Companion*.



Going Far to Make Friends

THIS girl and her costume are Danish, but her smile is contagious.

WE should like to ask this Japanese quartet to sing the Unity Workers' Song, or *don't* all quartets sing?



THE chap at the right is a young Sadhu (holy man) of the proud Aryan race, and the two young men to his right are typical Burmese young men—if our photographer knows his Burma.



THE smile of this lad of Siam has gone round the world in celluloid, by way of the motion picture, "Chang." We hope he will become a *Youth* reader some day.

SMILES are as friendly in the Himalayan land of contented Kashmir goats (pictured below) as they are——



IN Sweden, whence this trio (at the lower right) greets us, or——

IN Turkestan, which is the home of the friendly Uzbek girl.

(Next Month—"Principles Attract Interest")



"What I give out, comes
back to me—multiplied."

The Come-back

By Gardner Hunting

WHY not *have* what you want? Have you settled back with an idea that you can't get it?

Are you accepting a disappointment as something you *must* suffer?

Do you look at the thing that you really desire as being far beyond your reach?

Do you carry around with you a heart-ache because you think your heart's desire is finally and forever denied you?

Do you look on yourself as being down and out, with no chance to get back?

Do you think you are too poor to buy the things you like or even the things you absolutely need?

Have you done something that you think has brought a penalty on you—sickness, poverty, loss of freedom, grief?

WELL, before you give it all up as hopeless won't you just read along a little way in this article, to see if your case is quite as bad as you think it is? I am not writing to sell you anything or to teach you anything or to persuade you of anything, but just to tell you of the experiences of a man who used to think as you do, and who thought he had good reason to think so; but who has found out that he was mistaken and that it is as easy to have things as to go without them; and who believes the story of his experience may help somebody else who is under the same kind of a cloud that he once lived under. You can have what you want—and here is the proof.

IT HAS been said that if a man were to offer twenty-dollar gold pieces for sale on the street at fifty cents each, there would be few buyers, because nearly everybody would leap to the conclusion that he was a fraud. If you will study the real reason why people instinctively feel that way, you will find in it the very secret of getting what *you* want.

You have heard it said a thousand times that "you can't get something for nothing." You may or may not think that you believe this to be true, but it *is*

true, whether you believe it or not; and everybody, deep down in his inner nature knows it is true. That's why he is shy of any promise that promises too much. That's why you are probably skeptical about the promise of this little piece of print. But just let *this* idea get a foot-hold in your mind: If it is a law that I cannot get something for nothing, then it must be true of this law, as it is of all genuine laws, that it works both ways; it must be true that *I cannot give anything without getting something for it*. Ever think of that?

HAVE you ever been surprised to find that when you liked or disliked a man or a woman, that man or woman was sure to return the feeling you gave to him? Have you ever noticed what a railroad company does that enables it to take in money? It *gives* transportation needed by people. Have you ever wondered *why* Henry Ford and John D. Rockefeller are so rich? Whatever else you may think of them, you must see that the world gives them money because they give something to the world—the one a good, low-priced car; the other, good oil at a reasonable price. What does a department store do before it gets regular customers? It gives service, courtesy, good will, a square deal, accommodation, and so forth, to a community, which brings in the trade as the direct and inevitable result. What does an employee do before he gets wages or a salary? He gives a day's work—or a week's—or a month's. What gets him a raise? *Giving* a little more than he is paid for, nothing else. What does a farmer do before he gets a crop. He *gives* the seed to the ground and gives it water and care. How does an artist or a writer win fame? By giving the world a work of art or some great literature. How do I win a friend? By giving him friendship, and in no other way.

SOMETIMES people say—and maybe you are one of them (I was)—that there *are* people who get something for

AT THE request of many Unity readers we are reprinting herewith Gardner Hunting's article, "The Come-Back," which appeared in the first issue of *Youth*. Mr. Hunting, author of "Brink," and "The Meridian," is one of our most popular contributors. Another story by him will appear in *Youth* soon.



GARDNER HUNTING

nothing; who give nothing for what they receive. Did you ever study such cases—or do you take somebody else's word for it, as most of us do for such things? Well, are you from Missouri? If you honestly want to be shown you are on the only sound ground that there is!

Now who gets something for nothing? The man who finds an oil well in his back yard? The woman who marries a rich man? The miner who stumbles upon gold? The fellow who wins in the lottery? The thief who takes a purse or the contents of a bank vault? The swindler who cheats the unwary out of his property? The real estate shark who sells worthless lots for big prices? The bootlegger who makes his own liquor with wood alcohol, puts bogus labels on it, and sells it as "just off the ship"? The heirs who destroy the old will or forge a new one so that all the property comes to them? The counterfeiter who makes hundred-dollar bills out of mere paper and ink? The chap who raises a thousand dollar check to \$10,000? Do all—or any—of these get something for nothing? I used to think they did. Often it looks so.

But the more you watch the individuals who do these things, the more you'll see that the law works with them just as it does with you and me. It's law—just as truly as the law of gravitation is law—and I can't break it. Neither can you. Neither can anybody else. Did you ever know a gambler who got rich? Did you ever know a burglar who had anything left after his pals, his fence, and his lawyers got through with him? Did you ever know a counterfeiter who had cars and a country home and a yacht? Did you ever know a woman who married for money and was happy?

"Maybe not!" you say, "but they got away with the profits of the crooked deal!" Did they? How long did the profits last? Do you know?

Did you ever know anybody to keep the money he won in a lottery? Did you ever know the "lucky" finder of oil

or gold, who hadn't given something for it, to profit by it?

Believe me—if you will let go of the rumors and fabulous stories about riches' coming to people for nothing, and get right down and investigate them, you'll be surprised. Because—it doesn't happen.

NOW, what is success in business made of? I mean *any* success in *any* business. Some people will say, "Hard work." But that is not always true. You know plenty of people who have worked hard, and gotten almost nothing for it. Does honesty make success? Not necessarily. Does dishonesty pay? No! Terribly up-setting isn't it, to be told that neither crookedness nor honesty succeeds? Well, that's where the world and you and I have been making a mistake. We have swung like pendulums from one extreme to the other. First we've tried to succeed by one method then by the other. When crookedness fails, men preach honesty; when honesty fails, the preachers are dumb-founded and other men turn bitterly back to crookedness. What is the reason? Why simply that neither mere dishonesty nor mere honesty pays; nor mere laziness nor mere hard work. Nothing really pays but obedience to law—not *man's* law—*God's* law.

GRAVITATION is one of God's laws, isn't it? Who uses the law of gravitation? Anybody? Does it make any difference whether he is good or bad, honest or dishonest, crooked or straight, saint or sinner, rich or poor, fat or lean, white or black? It does not; the law of gravitation works for him infallibly, invariably, inflexibly, eternally, regardless of who or what he is. Who uses the laws governing the burning of gasoline to drive a car? Who uses the law of friction to stop a car? Who uses the laws of electricity—the laws of light? Does it make any difference whether one is handsome or homely, whether he is

freckled or pallid, whether he smokes or drinks or swears or goes to church or fights or steals or kills or loves? It does not. A murderer can drive a car or stop it. A clown can ride in an airplane. A fool can start or stop a dynamo. An idiot can set a fire. A preacher or a hobo can explode dynamite. A sister of charity or a woman of the street will burn a hand on a hot stove. Good or bad, saintly or vicious—law works alike for all, and everything works under law.

BUT—some laws seem to be greater than others—to include others, to transcend others. For instance, the laws controlling the airplane seem to enable us to break the law of gravitation. Of course, they don't; they simply enable us to counteract the force of gravitation. The laws of the radio release us from conditions to which we have thought ourselves limited by other governing laws—laws of sound transmission. By studying these things I see that as soon as I begin working by *any* law I begin to benefit by it, and no other law can stop me; because all the laws of nature fit together, work together, help one another—they never work against one another. The law of gravitation helps me to use the airplane, it holds me down *against* the air. If it did not, I'd be flung off the world into space, airplane and all—not to mention other things that would happen. When I start my car, the laws governing the action of the gas engine seem to overcome the laws of inertia and friction—but no law is broken. If it weren't for inertia there would be no momentum; if it weren't for friction my clutch would not grip and my tires would not take hold of the road. I do not *break* laws, I *use* them.

NOW, a law that works at all, always works. You say conditions affect laws? No; fog, for instance, only obscures the light of the stars to my eyes—the stars still shine. Static interferes with the radio only as it obscures the broadcasting for me; the broadcasting is there just the same. Law *always* works—anywhere—everywhere—now and forever. Two and two make four, by mathematical law—in New York or Kansas City, in Paris or Tokio, in the cathedral or the prison, in the home or the dive,

in Earth or Mars, today or in Cæsar's time, now or in eternity!

So—if this law that I cannot get something for nothing, and that therefore I cannot give without receiving, *is* law, then it works with the same infallibility and continuity as all other laws. It makes no difference who I am, where I am, how much I weigh, what color my hair is, or what my character is, this law works for me just the same. It is commonly called the law of giving and receiving, and it can be stated this way: What I *give* out, comes back to *me*—multiplied! Always multiplied—the “come-back” is—like the yield from seed.

NOW, if you agree so far, don't you see where this has led you? It has led you to recognize that you are where you are today because of what you have given out. You are getting it back—multiplied just as I'm getting mine! But what else does it mean? It also means that what you start giving out now is also going to start coming back to you—multiplied. You can *change* the crop you are reaping, but there's just one way to do it: you can change the seed you are planting—change the sort of thing you are giving out. I did. It works, and nobody can stop it; nothing can stop it, no circumstance, no apparent handicap, no apparent misfortune, no “bad luck,” no enemy, nobody who “has it in for you”! What you give out comes back to you—what you *begin* giving out, *begins* coming back to you. Any man, woman, or child can transform his life by transforming the thing he gives out.

OF COURSE the first question that comes up in your mind (it was the first in my mind) is, “How long must I suffer for what I've already done? That's an interesting point. Suppose we think a minute about law: If I am working a problem in arithmetic, and I have been getting the wrong answer over and over and over again; and if I suddenly find that I've been trying to work the problem out by the wrong method—contrary to principle—in opposition to law; and if I stop going contrary to law and work with law, how long does it take me to get the right answer? Suppose that I am learning to drive a car and I try to start it by step-

(Concluded on page 31)

*An unexpected
source of help*

How to Make Friends

By Beth Hinds



The author is a Silent Unity worker.

DO YOU know some boy that every one likes? Is there a girl that seems to be always surrounded by friends? And do you say to yourself, "Why do they have so many friends while I have so few?" Do you want to know the secret? Here it is—make a friend of yourself first!

It isn't just what you expected, is it? Perhaps it is because it seems such a simple thing to do. But is it? When you are a true friend to anyone, you try never to say anything that would cause a hurt. You do not do things that would bring sorrow to that friend. Are you always just as careful as to what you say about yourself? Do you always do the thing that will bring only happiness to you? Some persons make a habit of "running themselves down." They would not say an unkind thing about some one else, but they accuse themselves of a multitude of sins, and laugh and poke fun at their own imperfections. Of course, one should retain his sense of humor, but—and here is a big difference—he should laugh *with* himself, not at himself.

It should be just as easy for a person to be kind to himself as it is for him to be kind to other individuals. He should realize that he is well worth knowing. This does not mean that he should be "stuck up," but it does mean that he should recognize the fact that he is a son of a King. He is of royal blood and has certain standards to which he must keep true. To help him, he has within his own soul the pattern that his Elder Brother, Jesus Christ, has made for him.

Do you begin to see? Every living soul has within him the same Christ pattern. We are all trying to shape our lives to this pattern, whether we know it or not. When we find some one who is following it well, we feel attracted to that person—we want to know him or her better. And so, when you study yourself, and find the pattern within, and try to follow it with all your might, you too will show forth a little more of the Christ. Others will want your friendship. By being kind to yourself you set the example for others. By knowing your true Christ self you learn to recognize the Christ self in others. You will not lack for friends, and you will have the greater joy that comes from knowing the true Friend—the Christ within.

What Shall I Do with My Life?

By Arthur J. Peel

Some very practical help for the young person who is choosing his life work.

IN A short series of articles of which this is the first, I am going to chat with the readers of *Youth* concerning the great subject that is sometimes called "earning a living." Many of the readers of *Youth* will, however, recognize that this is not the right way to put it. None of us "earns" a living, for life with all its abundance is God's free gift to all; in fact *God is Life* and every form of right activity, whether it be expressed in an office, in a factory, on the farm, at sea, or in the bottom of a mine, is simply the expression of God (Good) that is in each one of us. But it is a law of Life that what we give in honest service always comes back to us in generous measure, and that is how our human needs are supplied. As we look into the opportunities and possibilities of different phases of service, let us bear in mind always that we are considering something far greater than how to "make a living."

This series of articles is going to be very practical, because I want the readers of *Youth* to find in each article something that will help them to decide—if they have not already done so—what form of service to the world they can best perform. We cannot all be farmers, stenographers, bookkeepers, architects, publishers, writers, teachers, lawyers, and it would be a strange world if we tried to be. In India there are certain castes; that is, classes of people who are separated from all other classes by very rigid lines, and all the people of each caste follow the same occupation. It is a poor system, and does not work at all well. I want to emphasize the fact that if it is right for us to engage in any particular kind of service, we can always do it when we realize that "it is God who worketh in you both to *will* and to *work*."

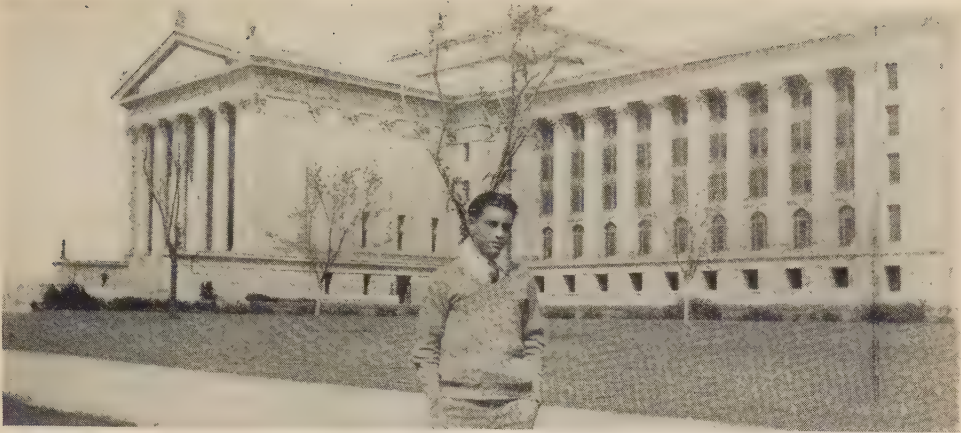
On the other hand, we should not think that any kind of work is beneath us. You may say, "Oh, I could never be a street cleaner!" Probably you are not adapted to street cleaning; your educa-

tion, training, and inclination make this quite unnecessary; but cleaning streets is a very necessary and an honorable occupation. When we get the right point of view we shall always be led to do the thing for which we are best fitted. Do you remember that Peter said after Jesus had left them, "I go a fishing"? But God didn't let him continue to be a fisherman. It was not long before he was preaching and healing. When you are ready for "higher" service, the opportunity for such service will come.

A girl said to me a few days ago, "I hate office work." That was a mistaken attitude, for so long as we hate any task we are not ready for a better one. By finding enjoyment and profit in what we are doing, we are prepared for something better.

LET US consider the opportunities for service in the ordinary business office, and how to prepare oneself for office positions. In cities a large proportion of young men and young women take positions in offices, and one might think that more young people go into offices than into any other calling. This is not quite the case, however. Out of every one hundred girls who go to work, eighteen go into offices as clerks, stenographers, secretaries, and summer workers; and out of every one hundred boys who go to work, only five go into offices. This leaves a big margin for other vocations.

For many reasons office work is attractive to large numbers of young people. It is clean, it offers many opportunities for advancement along different lines, and the hours are usually short. Even an office boy has the chance of becoming manager some day, and a typist may eventually become private secretary to the president of the company. In fact no one should take a position in a business office without a healthy ambition to advance to greater opportunities, and without *expecting* that his position will



lead to increased income and more responsible duties.

WHAT kind of preparation is necessary in order to establish a sound foundation for becoming a successful office man or woman? Assuming that you are in high school or have graduated from high school, you should know how to write correct English and how to spell correctly, and you should have a good knowledge of geography and arithmetic. You should have, in short, what we know as a good public school education. If you are a college graduate, your chances of success in a first-class business office are increased. During the war it was my duty to engage several hundred young men and young women for government positions. I found plenty of stenographers and bookkeepers, typists and accountants, but many of the stenographers did not know how to spell correctly; some of the bookkeepers did not add carefully, and many typists could not type a letter properly. It is usually taken for granted that a boy or girl learns all this at school, but experience proves that many young people have not learned these subjects as well as they ought to have done. I want to urge you, therefore, to give special attention to these subjects which business men take for granted, apart from special qualifications, when they engage a stenographer or a bookkeeper.

In addition to the things which are taken for granted, there are special subjects with which every girl and boy who looks forward to office work should be thoroughly familiar. A knowledge of typewriting, shorthand, and simple book-

keeping is essential to rapid progress in a business office, but they cannot take the place of subjects which the pupil should know well before he leaves school.

TYPEWRITING is so universal today that good handwriting is seldom an essential qualification for an office job. This is rather a pity because there is something beautiful about handwriting, and neat, clear handwriting is always something to be proud of. There is nothing difficult about learning to operate a typewriter. All that is needed is plenty of practice. With sufficient practice every day, any boy or girl can become a good typist in a few months; that is, become able to type correctly from sixty to seventy words a minute, and that is sufficient for the ordinary business office.

Shorthand is a very interesting study, and exceedingly valuable to almost anybody, but I am going to tell you something that may surprise you: Out of every one hundred people who learn, or attempt to learn shorthand, eighty give up before they are proficient in the art. Nobody ever solved a difficulty by running away from it. I twice tried to run away from shorthand, when I was a young man, but it was necessary for me to learn it, so of course I had to come back and *master* it. I shall never regret learning it, because it has opened doors for me that would never have been opened to me had I not known shorthand.

The young person who desires to learn shorthand must cultivate the habit of persistence. To master the science may take six, nine, or twelve months' preparation. He must make up his mind that

it is not too difficult to learn—that he can master it. To limit one's powers and possibilities is wholly opposed to all that we know to be true of young people who are made in the image and likeness of Divine Mind and intelligence.

Business offices demand that stenographers be able to write one hundred words a minute and transcribe them correctly. This demands regular and constant practice of the student.

ALL that I have said so far respecting the study of shorthand, refers to the well-known systems, written with symbols and signs, curly cues, pothooks and all the other fascinating geometric forms with which most of us are familiar. The best known systems of shorthand are Gregg and Pitman. Both are excellent and they can be written by experts at speeds exceeding 200 words a minute. However, it is only fair to tell you that few persons write at a speed greater than one hundred words a minute, in any system of shorthand. Some write up to perhaps 125 words a minute, but very few more rapidly than this.

But now I have some good news for you. There are many boys and girls who are studying so many subjects that it seems as if they really cannot give so much time as is required to learn any of the older systems written with signs and symbols. Many young men and women have to go into offices as soon as they have graduated from high school, and then all their extra studies have to be done at evening school; and to learn shorthand in an evening school is a long job. In the past four years, however, other systems of shorthand have been brought out which are much simpler and very easy to learn. Neither do the pupils require many months' work in order to gain proficiency. These systems are written with the ordinary letters of the

alphabet, and many of them can be written up to one hundred words a minute. So that you may get some idea of what such a system look like, I will write in one of these systems, called "Speedwriting," the opening sentences of this paragraph, beginning "But now I have some good news for you" etc. Here it is in Speedwriting:

bnw iv sog nus fu. trr m bys a grls
hor stdg, so m sjs ta t sems as if ty
rl, kn- gi somcti ass rqi tlrn n, vt l
ssms rin w sins a smbs.

DO YOU see how simple this is and how quickly it can be written? I believe that many of you can read this right off without referring to the original sentence. I have seen boys and girls learn this system in less than three months in evening school, and write easily ninety words a minute at the end of that period. Many college undergraduates have learned it so as to be able to take lecture notes. But better still, it is practical for business use, and many young men and young women are filling stenographic positions and doing secretarial work and use only this or a similar system written with the old friendly A B C's of the English alphabet.

Bear this in mind, however: If you want a shorthand that can be written at a greater speed than one hundred words a minute, you had better make up your mind to work a little harder and learn one of the older systems based on the use of signs and symbols.

THE editor wants you to have an opportunity to ask questions in connection with this subject, and if I can answer your questions I shall be delighted to do so. Just address your letters to the editor of *Youth*, and they will be given prompt attention. We sincerely desire to help you to find your right place in the great world of useful service.

DOES THIS APPLY TO YOU?

"I love you, not only for what you are, but for what I am when I am with you.

"I love you because you have done more than any creed could have done to make me good. You have done it all by being yourself. Perhaps that is what being a friend means, after all."



Stars in Her Own Play



MARGARET Emily Carr, senior at the University of Chicago, who has been adjudged a "typical college girl," will play the principal rôle in her own play, "High Heels," which is being presented by the Women's dramatic association of the university.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS REEL PHOTOS

Around the World at Fifteen



THIS Danish youth, Palle Huld, has just completed the first stage of a journey around the world, by his arrival in London from Denmark. He hopes to complete his journey in forty-six days.



The Friendly Guest

Who once changed water into wine—and why

By Ernest C. Wilson

IT SEEMS odd that the very first miracle of Jesus should have been that of changing water to wine, and at a wedding feast! It seems especially odd to those who think of Jesus as being the same kind of reformer as Isaiah, John, and the other seers and prophets before them. They were wont to shake admonitory fingers at their hearers, whom they treated as naughty children, and tried to chide and scold and frighten into being good.

Jesus' mission was an entirely different one.

His purpose was not so much to show people the error of their ways as to reveal to them the happiness and joy and blessing of His way. He was not so much concerned with their fear of the devil as with their love of God.

His teaching was surely unusual. Other prophets had come clad in strange apparel, and shouting strange threats, and gaunt from fasting, and with the light of the fanatic in their eyes. Jesus seemed to feel that what went into the mouth was less important than what came out of it. He was well clad in the fashion of His day, and He was popular with all classes of people.

WHEN His own great tests came and He was called upon to take a courageous stand for principle, He did so with a fearlessness that has excited the admiration of the world. But He ac-

corded only trifling importance to lesser things.

There was little of the social reformer about Him. He did not try to change the customs of His day; He did not attempt to make other people conform to the social usages which it would seem that He preferred. He had a far greater mission than this.

He wasted little time condemning evil; His mission was to proclaim the good. He said very little about the devil; His mission was to enounce God. He said very little about God as judge or lawgiver, or even as King; His mission was to reveal God as a loving Father.

He knew very well that if He could inspire in men the realization of the indwelling presence of a God of love, and of the

reality and nearness of God's kingdom, such matters as wine at a wedding or flesh for food or any other mundane problem would solve itself. A little understanding will solve little problems only, but the understanding which solves great problems includes the solution of the lesser ones also.

JESUS, at the marriage feast, was not troubled—as many of his latter day followers have been—by the fact that wine was served. He was troubled by the thought that the wine was giving out, and that the woman's hospitality would be questioned if there were



*The artist, Moheté's conception of
Jesus the Christ*

not enough to satisfy her guests.

Jesus' mother had observed the shortage of wine, and finally leaned over and said to Him, "They have no wine."

The time had not yet come for Jesus to use His power, and yet Mary felt that His kindness would prompt Him to meet the situation, for she said to the servants, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it."

Jesus told them to fill the waterpots with water.

"Draw out now, and bear unto the governor of the feast."

They did, and the governor was so pleased with the wine that he called the bridegroom to him and made special mention of his good taste in saving the best wine till the last.

We can imagine a fleeting smile of amusement upon the face of the Master—in this situation as when Peter found the tax money in the fish's mouth, and when the blind man who had lazily begged in the sunshine all his years was healed and had to earn an honest living!

HOW Jesus changed the water into wine will probably always be a mystery. Whether He actually used His great spiritual power for this simple act of kindness, or whether He made use of one of the tricks of legerdemain which were common among wonder workers of the day, we can only surmise.

This question is secondary to the more significant fact that this greatest of men, who was imbued with a message for the ages, yet found time to honor simple

folk with His presence, and to perform a gracious act which saved a humble woman embarrassment.

Should we read a spiritual significance into His every act, or should we allow some events to pass as natural human action without special significance?

We do not have to read spiritual significance "into" the events of the Christ life—or into any life. It is already there. We need only the discernment which reveals it. No event is without significance, though we should not have to strain or moralize to find its portent. The portent is as inevitable as the act is natural.

The whole ministry of Jesus is forecast in the miracle at the wedding feast, for He was to be ever changing water into wine; ever enriching the obvious by new significance, ever disclosing within the truth, the very essence of Truth. He taught the most profound truths through simple incidents, simple words, simple stories from the everyday life of His hearers.

Christ Himself is the power that transforms the water of life into the wine of life. He it is in us that illumines simple experience and makes of it the vehicle of Spirit. He it is in us that gives meaning to life. He it is in us, ever pressing toward greater expression, that transforms our human imperfections and makes of our earthly temples the dwelling places of God. To follow Him changes the water (letter) of Truth into the wine (spirit) of Truth—and enables us to live that Truth.

Study Topics

YOUTH is being read in many discussion classes, study groups, and Sunday School classes. Here is a list of suggested topics, with page references.

I. Shall I Prepare for Office Work?	Pages 24-25
II. How Can I Use Truth in Social Life?	Pages 28-29
III. How Can I Be a Friend?	Page 23
IV. Can I Get What I Want?	Pages 20-22

Your Own Page

Dear Editor:

Maybe this is a strange problem, maybe it's new or maybe it's old. I must have help and there is no one to appeal to with such security, as to your magazine's readers. Others have been helped, and although I may have nothing else I have faith.

I'm eighteen, and as far as I can figure out—a complete failure in life. Others do things and succeed, but I only sit and dream about what I could be doing. I want to do things and to be a real somebody, but the essential quality must be lacking in my make-up. My friends at school do things that show they are able, while I'm just nobody. Isn't there some help for me? Perhaps you could give me a good lecture—one that would show me the way.—B. M.

B. M.—I do not think you need a lecture. I think you need an introduction to the real B. M. How could you have faith and be a complete failure at the same time? How could you have faith and at the same time lack some quality that keeps you from enjoying success? Let's see now, the Bible says that "faith is assurance of things hoped for, a conviction of things not seen." In other words, faith is the actual substance of the things that you have always hoped for or dreamed about, and the evidence to your real self of the existence of things while they are not as yet seen. You say you have faith; then apply it to everything in your life. You can do anything by faith, and as you begin to use it every day, it grows. I think the very easiest thing to do is to build faith. Nature is a recommended textbook from which to learn to build faith. Is it not easy to have faith in the power that can create anything as lovely as a rose or as intricate as the liana? And B. M., think of it, that same creative power is in you! "God created man in his own image." In reality you couldn't be "a nobody"; nor could you lack any good thing.

Perhaps your trouble comes from failure consciously to realize your relation to God. You and I know that God is life, health, love, power, strength, and dominion. Since we are created in the image of God and are His children, we are heirs to all His blessings.

When meeting any problem, the first thing to do is to "seek the kingdom." Affirm again and again your oneness with God until you have made conscious

union with Him. Then begin to think "*Christ, the perfect man of God in the midst of me, now expresses Himself and I realize my oneness with Christ, perfection.*"

Dear Youth:

I have a pal—a wonderful pal—whom I love dearly. He loves me also, and we confide everything to each other; but we are not sweethearts—just pals. He has his friends, I have mine.

My heart aches, for I feel that I may lose my pal. He looks and acts much older than he really is. He is an artist at the piano and every night now for three months he has played at a different dance, seldom reaching home before three or four o'clock in the morning. I cannot attend these dances and he does not wish me to do so. The crowd that attends these dances are rowdies, drinking, and so forth. He does not drink yet, but being with them continually will wear down his resistance. His nerves are shattered, he is despondent, and his grades at school are awful. What can I do to help him? I have talked and pleaded in vain and his parents just let him go. They do not realize that his health is being undermined.

A girl of unspeakable reputation has charmed him and I fear the worst.

I pray and pray. What else can I do? Oh, Youth, can't you help me?

Every day I receive a note from him telling of the events of the previous day. I still hold his confidence.—G. P.

G. P.—Do you know what often helps people more than anything else in the world? It is for others to have faith in them, and to see them as God sees them. I believe you can help that fine pal of yours in just such a way. If you scold him or if you let him see that you disapprove of what he does you may lose his confidence. Instead, think of him as God's child and know that God guides and directs him into his highest good. When you see him and speak with him, be friendly and cheerful, and talk of the high ideals which you have in common. Talking with him about his ideals will inspire him to work toward them, and will also imply to him that you are still expecting him to attain them and that you have faith in him.

Know for him silently: *You are a child of God, free to express and to accept your highest good. You do not attract, nor are you attracted by, anything less than this.*

The Come-back

(Continued from page 22)

ping on the gas without shifting into gear; the car does not start. But when I shift into gear—in other words obey the law governing the case—and then “step on the gas,” how long does it take the car to start? Suppose I have a boat with a hole in it; I find that when I put it into the water, it fills up and sinks. Suppose that I obey the law governing boats, and stop the leak; how long does it take the boat to float? If I am locked in a room and don’t know how to unlock the door, I stay there till I learn how, do I not? But when I learn how to obey the law of that lock, how soon do I get out?

You may think out as many other examples as you like of how law works for you the moment you begin to obey it, of how obedience *now* cancels the mistakes of yesterday, or of last year. And then come back to our argument again and think this one over: So true and far-reaching and fundamental is this law of giving and receiving that it extends into our thoughts too. There’s a lot of talk these days about the power of thought, and some people are disposed to sneer at it. But there’s more in it than these people suppose—and they suffer because they don’t realize the power of thought. It is true, too, that what you *think* comes back to you, multiplied. Is there a laugh in that for you? Well, can you do anything without first thinking about it? Is any discovery or invention, any work of art or book, any newspaper or tool, any manufacturing or any crime, any deed good or bad, ever performed without some one’s first thinking about it? In other words, everything that you do is first an idea in your mind. That is where it is first “created.” If you make a chair, or a plan, or a steamship, or a printing press, or a bomb, or a broom, it must first take shape in your mind, as an idea. As a matter of fact, the idea of a thing is the real creation of it; the physical putting it together afterward is a mere copy of that idea in your mind.

WE ARE accustomed to think that a certain amount of time and energy is required to make the visible copy of the idea—the visible chair, or plow,

or broom. But the more perfectly we think it out—that is, create it as a complete idea in mind—the more quickly and perfectly we can create it in visible form; and as we think it out better and better, we find that we require less and less time to make the visible thing—and less and less energy. Newly invented machines, for instance, are usually crude, cumbersome, heavy, and require a lot of power to operate them. But as they are perfected—that is, as they are *thought out*—they become lighter, simpler, more efficient, are operated by less power, and do their work more quickly. In this process the time always comes when the thing which once took a long period and much labor to make is made at a speed so high that the production is in some cases almost instantaneous. If, when we began making this thing we had understood all the laws of its making, we could have made it instantaneously without going through the process of learning how.

But that would have been a miracle! Exactly! The difference between what we call a natural process and what we call a miracle is largely a matter of the time required to reach the desired end. But doing a “miracle” is merely a matter of understanding the laws by which it is done. The first Ford car required months of grueling labor to build; today the Ford plants can make about five and one-half cars a minute—or one about every ten seconds. Is that a miracle? Wouldn’t it have been a miracle to produce a Ford every ten seconds say thirty years ago? What makes it possible today? Knowledge of the laws, that’s all.

SO, KNOWLEDGE of the laws involved in anything is not only the most valuable knowledge that we can have but it is absolutely essential. Mr. Ford never would have made a car if he had started with no knowledge of the law. But he began by using what he had—probably by using something that he had been told, or had read, about the laws of mechanics. And as he used the knowledge that he had, his knowledge grew—just as your muscle grows as you use it—or as intelligence grows by use

—or anything else! And wouldn't Henry Ford have been foolish not to try out his first bits of knowledge about law?

Think this over a bit, and you'll see that anything men ever achieve is accomplished in this same way—by knowledge of the law. Health, wealth, happiness, success, prosperity, freedom! Any thing you want—literally—will come to you if you will obey its laws just as literally as you obey the law of gravitation.

Now, of course you see the direction of this argument. A man's work or a woman's work is not primarily to do something hard that brings the sweat, breaks the nails, tires the muscles, and exhausts the wind—something that is drudgery. Not at all. The secret of getting what you want lies in obeying the law governing getting what you want.

What is that law? Why, it is just what we've been talking about—the law of giving and receiving.

NOW, what is your first thought at this suggestion? You think, "What have I to give?" Perhaps you conclude that you have nothing. But Henry Ford had nothing—at the start—nothing but an idea. Heinz, the pickle man, of fifty-seven varieties fame, had nothing at the start—nothing but an idea. Woolworth, the five-and-ten-cent store man, had nothing at the start—nothing but an idea. Golden Rule Nash, the tailor, who built a business up from nothing to \$12,000,000 in six years, had nothing at the start—nothing but an idea. But the curious thing about it is that these men all had the same idea. What was it? It was the idea of giving the world something that it needed—something of value. And when they began acting on the idea by giving what they had to begin with, they learned how to give more, and so received more; and when they gave that, more came—until every one of them reached the point where he was successful and famous, and money rolled in upon him faster than he could use it.

IT WILL work for you—this law. It has worked for me. It is working for you and for me whether we know it or not—whether we believe it or not. What you give out comes back to you—multi-

plied! If you don't get what you want, it's nobody's fault but your own. If I don't get what I want it's nobody's fault but mine. The law works. If it works for me slowly at first, that is because I must learn by giving what I have before I can get more knowledge of the law and thus have more to give. But if I *will* give what I have, where I am, to whomever needs it, I'll gain the knowledge and the things that I need. As I go on giving, I rapidly rise toward the point where I shall do easily and instantaneously the thing that now takes me a long time to do—just as my hand gains skill and speed and ease with a hammer, or a drill, or a needle, or a baseball, or a boxing glove, or a hoe, or a tennis racket, or a camera, or a motor car, or a dynamo! Eventually, by using all the knowledge of law I have, in giving service to the world, I will gain the ability to do seeming miracles—as Henry Ford, Ty Cobb, Wm. Tilden, II, Barney Oldfield, Mary Pickford, Thomas Edison have done!

If you believe that the foregoing argument is sound, has it occurred to you that the conclusion is not new? It's at least as old as the year 33 A. D. In other words, it has been taught to the world more or less ever since the time of Jesus Christ. In fact it was and is His teaching. Many people overlook the real teaching of Jesus of Nazareth. But listen: Didn't He say, "Give and it shall be given unto you, good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over"? Whatever you think about Him religiously, did He know what He was talking about? Did He state a law?

WE BELIEVE that Jesus of Nazareth did not merely found a religion, but that He taught a way to live—to live happily, successfully, prosperously. Didn't He say, "I came that ye may have life, and may have it abundantly"? In other words, He taught not merely a way to be good and moral and honest and industrious and all that, but a way to live by the law that brings success and money and fame and love and all the other things that we want. And the law He taught was, give—and give first—if you want to get anything. He voiced the Golden Rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye

even so to them." The wisest of the world's cynics say that you have to pay sometime for whatever you get. Jesus of Nazareth says, practically, "Pay as you enter." Select what you want, and then pay first.

Maybe this sounds impracticable to you. It did to me. But try it out. I did. You'll get results. I did. It won't fail you. It hasn't failed me. Why? Because there is just one maker of law in the universe and that is the power we call God, and that power made the law of giving and receiving. Give the best you have and look for the best in return. God challenges you and me to *prove* the promises He makes in the Bible, and these promises are simply statements of law which never fail of fulfillment. "Prove me now," says God, "whether I will not open the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing greater than ye are able to receive." His only condition is that we shall "give first"—that's all. Commonly we do not take this sort of promise seriously; but it is sound and true. Is there anything wrong about the foregoing argument? God *is* the law. He *is* the law of love, which is only another name for the law of giving and

receiving. If you will stop thinking of God as a joke, or as a terror, or as a myth, or as a dream, or as something far off and outside everyday life, and will think of Him as the Maker of the law of gravitation and of the law of love, one of which is just as real as the other—you'll get somewhere.

IF YOU want to know how, the whole secret lies in beginning! The way to do it is to do it. Right where you are, now, begin to give something good to the person nearest to you, and keep on doing it, no matter what you seem to get back at first. *Do!* Don't talk! And you'll lift yourself out of your troubles, no matter what they seem to be or how deeply you seem to be sunk in them. Try it! You'll be surprised. I was! Try it as patiently and as hard as you would try to get a drink of water if you were very thirsty. You'll get a return, a reward, that you don't even dream of yet. You *will!* Don't let anybody fool you about it.

And besides, if it doesn't work, you don't have to keep on with it! But you will keep on—if you give it a fair chance to prove. Because—it works.

Healing Thought

September 20 to October 19

I am obedient to the command of Jesus Christ to heal the sick. In His name all thoughts and appearances of sickness are healed.

THE command of Jesus to His disciples and the seventy to heal the sick was also a command to all who have faith in Him and in His unending presence and power. "What I say unto you I say unto all."

Jesus enacted the part of the prodigal son for all men. He returned to the Father's house (Divine Mind) and restored the original unity for all of us.

Nearly all our ills can be traced directly to our thoughts and emotions. We are trying to carry on life without recognizing the Author of life. We must return with Jesus to the Father's house and be healed.

Prosperity Thought

September 20 to October 19

The heaped up, pressed down, and running over prosperity promised by Jesus Christ is now expressed in my mind and manifested in my affairs.

A GOOD circulation, whether of blood or money, is a sign of health. The prosperity of the world depends upon an unhampered circulation of the mediums of exchange. Solomon wrote, "There is that scattereth, and increaseth yet more." Jesus said, "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure." "Unto every one that hath shall be given." If you have thoughts of plenty you will draw plenty; if you have thoughts of lack, and fear to use what you have, you will not prosper.

Prosperity is based upon a state of mind that the fearless enter and appropriate by affirming their unity with omnipotent resource.

Let's Talk It Over

By Ourselves

CAN you read between the lines of history and the tales of literature and find their hidden meanings? It is a fascinating experiment—and profitable, too, though that should not be held against it.

Many of *Youth's* readers are familiar with the metaphysical interpretation of the Bible. They have discovered that characters in the Bible may be compared to qualities in our selves; that David is symbolical of love; that Joseph typifies imagination; that Moses corresponds to law, Solomon to wisdom, Saul to human will; that places in the Bible are related to centers of consciousness in the human body; that events correspond to physiological, mental, and spiritual experiences which are common to us all at some point in our individual development.

This idea applies to modern history as well. Any one of us could readily name a historical character who typifies the spirit of liberation, another whose outstanding quality as a world figure is courage, another who typifies the spirit of greed for power.

Many of the world's finest stories and plays reveal added riches when we consider their characters and events in their relationship to ourselves. The symbolism of some of these is quite obvious. In Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," Amelia obviously typifies virtue without cleverness, and Becky Sharp, cleverness without virtue.

Shakespeare's plays, whose dominant note so often is tragedy, are especially adapted to this metaphysical method of interpretation. The story of King Lear will serve to illustrate how this method can be applied.

"KING Lear" is the story of a man who shirks the responsibility of governing his kingdom. It depicts the woeful results of a negative state of consciousness, the first of which is the division of his kingdom. He says:

Know that we have divided
In three our kingdom; and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age,
Conferring them on younger strengths,
while we
Unburdened crawl toward death.

His three daughters, Regan, Goneril, and Cordelia, are to share according to their profession of love for him. Goneril and Regan, who typify mind and body, are loud in their praise of him. Cordelia, who represents the spiritual nature, is less voluble:

Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth; I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more nor less.
The king, in his wrath, disowns her, and gives half his kingdom to each of the elder daughters.

The Earl of Kent, who speaks as the voice of conscience, is the only one of the courtiers who dares to criticize the king's action, and for his courage is banished from the kingdom. Faithful still, he returns disguised to minister to his ungrateful lord, and willingly shares the king's misfortunes.

The Fool, who in this as in others of the Shakespearean plays represents Truth, repeatedly warns Lear of the folly of his course, but to no avail.

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old before thou hadst been wise.

Lear's answer foreshadows his own unbalanced mental state for he cries:

O! let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven;

Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!

FOLLOWING Lear's division of his kingdom and his disowning of Cordelia (spirit), his other daughters (mind and body) turn against him, gradually usurping all his former authority.

With the loss of his mental and physical control, the very elements seem to conspire against him. The storms of his troubled brain are paralleled in the fury of lightning and thunder, wind and rain.

The Earl of Gloucester, staunch friend of Lear, is blinded by Cornwall, husband of Regan. Gloucester represents fortune, powerful and secure so long as the king rules his kingdom, but shorn of power and pitifully unseeing when the king renounces his throne. His cry represents the truth about the fortune which is based upon material standards: I have no way, and therefore want no eyes; I stumbled when I saw.

Edmund and Edgar, sons of Gloucester, represent fate and destiny. Edmund (fate) is the illegitimate son of Gloucester (fortune); Edgar (destiny) is his only legitimate son.

WE ARE intended to be kings in our kingdoms, exercising righteous dominion in body, mind, and spirit. To disown the spirit and to let mind and body usurp our dominion is to invite all manner of calamities. Truth and conscience seek in vain to save us if we will not be masters in our domains. Fortune fails, and our destiny, as kings and sons of the King, is imperiled by the wrong (illegitimate) ideas to which we have given birth, ideas that spring into power when we forsake our sovereignty.

Our wisdom or our folly can take us to the heights or to the depths of life. Though "King Lear" presents a tragic picture of the man who, possessed of all blessings, fails to use them wisely, it also gives us many hints of their right use and its benefits.

MEDITATION

For My First Day at School

TODAY I stand on the threshold of a new world. I bless it and am friendly toward it, and the measure of my friendliness and blessing returns to me increased and multiplied.

I give my best to my work, and my work blesses me with greater understanding and prepares me for yet greater blessings which will manifest as I am ready for them.

I give my best to my teachers, my family, my friends, my associates, my lessons, my recreations, and what I give out comes back to me increased and multiplied.

I recognize the guiding, directing, prospering Presence of Christ, the unseen, silent partner in all my joys, all my work, all my new endeavors. He in me is the spirit of wisdom and discrimination. Through Him I choose from all that life offers me, the associates and pursuits that will be for my highest good, my greatest joy and blessing.

I gratefully acknowledge that all good comes to me from the Father, to be used in His name and service, not only for my blessing, but to share for the blessing of others.

Through Christ I can do all things, overcome all things, understand all that I need to understand. He is the Spirit of my sure success, He works in and through me to glorify the Father, and His good will manifests through me without haste and without delay, in His own perfect, harmonious, and bounteous ways. Amen!

Announcing

"THE SUNLIT WAY"

WE BELIEVE that *Youth* readers will be interested in this book by *Youth's* editor. The author hopes that "you will feel, as you read it, that you are chatting with a friend who, like yourself, has sought a way out of the shadows; and perhaps you will be inspired and strengthened to turn from the shadows and to walk in the light."

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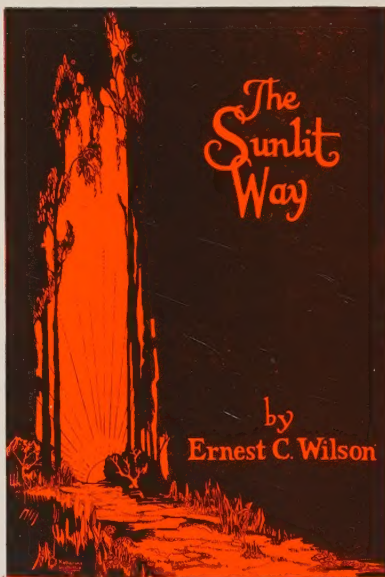
The poor old couple who suddenly became wealthy—

A returned exile who freed his people—

The man who lost his job and found himself after twenty years—

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The Magic of the Word—

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The Two Accounts of Creation—

Healing and Prosperity.

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